1661 de 37

A

Cordial of Comfort,

OR, THE

Afflicted Man's Consolation,

IN THESE

SORROWFUL TIMES of TROUBLE.

WHEREIN

We may see the Uncertainty and Vanity of all Worldly Enjoyments, and the Deceitfulness of uncertain Riches.

TOGETHER WITH

Exhortations to Contentment, under the greatest Afflictions at this Time.

By --- H---, a Servant of Jesus Christ.

And dedicated to his Father and Mother, and those of his afflicted Relations; and at the Desire of some of them it is made Public.

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2 Cor. Chap. iv. 17.

"For these our light Afflictions that are but for a Moment, work for us a far more exceeding eternal Weight of Glory."

Printed and Sold in London.

A CORDIAL of COMFORT.

MY christian friends, forlorn and discontent,
Unto you all this Cordial I present.
Whose aching hearts with sighs and tears do show
The great afflictions you do undergo.
Alas! poor soul, there is a God that will
Turn all for good, and faithfully fulfil
What he hath promised, that all things shall
Work for your good, if you on him do call.
These great afflictions are but cords to bring
And work thee nearer to thy God and King,
David we find was often thus oppress,
And yet at last he owns himself tis best.
" Before affliction I did go astray,
" And ran from God, and from his holy way,
" But my affliction brought me back again."
O be like David, such experience gain.
Come, come, tis God that oftentimes doth send
Affliction to you, as a loving friend,
Tho' to the body irksome tis we find,
Yet to the soul tis healthful and more kind.
Have you a father or a loving mother,
Friends or relations, sister or a brother,

If God will have them, bleſſed be his name,
As Job did ſay, ſo you ſhould ſay the ſame.

Have you a wife that's vir uous, fair, and kind,
And by her children tha:'s to good inclin'd?
Yet don't give back whenever God doth call,
Let duty tell you, you muſt ſuffer all.
Are you a childleſs mother full of grief,
Or elſe a widow that doth want relief?
God is your huſband, and will love moſt tender,
He has promiſed thy ſorrows to remember.
And tho' deprived of your children dear,
Conſider this, they are but lent you here,
And what he lends you muſt give back again,
Be ſure you don't againſt his will compl in.

Children are bleſſings, if God he pleaſes to give
Them life and grace, that with us they might live,
But if our children we do make them Gods,
Thoſe proffer'd bleſſings he can uſe as rods.

Fond not your children too much, leſt they know
Sorrow while young, or elſe when old they grow
Nothing below muſt ſteal our hearts away,
God will have that, as he himſelf doth ſay.

Are you reduced to low poverty?
'Tis God alone that dealeth thus with thee,
He knows what's good, better than you can tell
In him alone all goodneſs there doth dwell.

What if the world it do frown upon you frown,
And by ſome loſſes great you are brought down
As many are who once lived well,
But now, alas! poor ſouls they cannot tell,

What course to take, or how to get their bread,
All things being dear, and trading very dead,
By reason of a long continued war,
Their hearts are fill'd with grief and care.
Too true, indeed, we needs must own,
Such times as these were scarcely ever known,
What God will do at last we cannot tell,
But this we're sure, with him it will go well.
No matter then if here you are oppress,
Your cloudy days will end in everlasting rest,

Then be content, for God he loves the poor,
As well as if he had a mint of store.
But do you want, or do you fear you shall
Want what is needful to subsist withal?
Doth he not feed the ravens of the field,
And shall you want fruit the earth doth yield?
Doth he not cloath the grass upon the ground,
That's here to-day, to-morrow is cut down?
O do not fear, he will take care of you,
And will in time his love and mercy shew.
The twining lilly of the field behold,
More rich attrayed than Solomon in gold,

Shall light affliction then thus caſt us down,
When 'tis that God that doth this lilly crown.
The ſilly ſparrow that on the houſe doth ſtand,
Is guided by his providential hand,
Without his will the ſparrow ſhall not fall,
No more can ye get any hurt at all,
But notwithſtanding if his will be ſo,
That much affliction you muſt undergo,
Yet they are good afflictions of God's ſending,
Are mercies great, and keep us from offending.
All things work together, this we know,
For our good, for he hath promis'd ſo,
Methinks theſe words do ſo much comfort vent,
There is no room at all for diſcontent.
Then raiſe thyſelf above this world and fly,
With conſolations to thy God on high,

When thought of troubles do diſtract thy mind,
Then think of this, 'tis for your good deſign'd.
O ſlight this world, for 'tis a place of ſorrow,
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow.

Here is no reſt, no comfort can we find,
No true content but in a dying mind.
Riches ſwift wings do take, away they fly,
And mount themſelves above our reach on high,
Uncertain wealth to us no friends will be,
Such friends as theſe create us miſery.
Riches and honours, worldly wealth and fame,
Do all conjoin to make up a name,
Look where we will we nothing elſe can ſpy,
But a vain heap of worthleſs vanity.
You're not at home, alas! be not miſtaken,
You're in the ark of Providence unſhaken,

Heaven's your home, 'tis there your pleaſures lie,
There you will be happy when you come to die.
O be exhorted, chriſtian, contentment learn,
And in your ſorrows God's mercy ſtill diſcern,

Make ſure of heaven, and no doubt you'll be
Happy on earth and to eternity.
If we're good, no matter if we're poor,
Our happineſs conſiſts all in a heavenly ſtore,
Let's caſt off ſorrow, and on God depend,
Twill not be long ere we our journey end.
That carrier Death will be drawing near,
For to conduct us to our Saviour dear,
Where all our tears then wip'd away ſhall be,
Our ſorrow loſt in true felicity.

FINIS.